

Harlequin-Horace:

OR, THE

A R T

OF MODERN *D. S.*

POETRY.

Tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis.

Serpentes avibus gementur, Tigribus agni

Tempora



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T O

JOHN RICH, Esq;

Ec. Ec. Ec.

Worthy Sir,

I Doubt not most assuredly but great will be your Astonishment, to find your Name prefix'd to this our *Epistle Dedicatory*, seeing true it is, that we neither previously crav'd your Consent thereunto, nor could presume to do it by Virtue of any Personal Acquaintance with you, forasmuch as our Remembrance chargeth us not with having seen you at any time, save in the Guise of a *Hobby-Horse, Bull, Spaniel*, or some other such like *Animal*, in which you generally chuse to communicate your self to the Publick.

But to what worthy Personage could we so meetly apply for Protection, as to him who is the great Patron of the Art we here treat on? All the delectable Representations you have entertain'd us with, have been put together in absolute Conformity to the Rules we have laid down; nay verily, but from *those* are the Rules themselves extracted, in likewise as *Aristotle* compil'd his *Art of Antient Poetry* from the Writings of that then renown'd Ballad-maker *Homer*. Moreover 'twas you Sir (to your everlasting Honour be it recorded) that first introduc'd among us the present delicate and amazing Taste in our Diversions; and 'tis to your lawdable Zeal and unparallel'd *Agility* that it owes its Success. Indefatigable in *Well-doing* you courageously persevere to surmount all Opposition, and risk your very Neck for its Encouragement and Support.

We might here aptly take occasion, Sir, to talk to you about your Forefathers, not weening but you have had as many as any Peer in the Realm, and those too peradventure of as notable Memory; but you scorn to build your Fame on any *Bottom* save your own, and justly resolve to *Stand* on your own *Legs* for Reputation. You are happy, Sir, in your Self, and from your Self. You are bless'd with ev'ry natural Qualification which is requisite to one in your Profession, and have, to a great Perfection, acquir'd the Art of leading People by the Nose. You have Wit enough to make your Advantage of the Follies of others, and Chymistry enough to extract Gold out of every thing but common Sense, and that, both as *Wit* and *Chymist* you have nothing to do with; neither in verity should you; for one in your Way can no more expect to thrive by common Sense, than a *Westminster* Justice by common Honesty, or a *Covent-Garden* Bawd by common Modesty. You prudently look on Mankind to be one half Knaves, and t'other Fools, and conclude justly, that to entertain both Sorts, there must be a joint-mixture of Trick and Buffoonry, every one delighting in the Representation of what is most natural to him, or in which he labours to excel. Thus an *upright Citizen* is wonderfully diverted to see the Devil over-reach *Dr. Faustus* in a Bargain: a *Reverend Limb* of the Law, at seeing *Harlequin* turn'd *Judge*, take Bribes of both Sides, without doing Justice

Justice to either: Whilst those Shoals of *Templers, Beaux's,* and *Lawyers Clerks,* the *Toupee Worthies* of *Tom's, Dick's,* and *White's,* that compose the other Part of your Audience, receive inexpressible Satisfaction and Transport, at beholding your Worship transform'd into an *Ass* or an *Old Woman,* and your Tables and Chairs, into Wheel-barrows, and Coblers Stalls.

Then as to the Fair Sex, you are not unknowing in what tends to their Recreation. You deem we conjecture, one Moiety of 'em to be very civil Gentlewomen, and no better than they *Should be*; the other, to be ill natur'd Prudes, because they are forc'd to be really better than they *Would be,* and consequently that to hit the Tastes of the Whole, there must be an equal Quantity of Smut, and Scandal.

Nay, unspeakable is the Service you have done the Publick in this respect; for whereas, to the foul Discouragement of Wit and Humour among us, our Women were in past Days so squeamishly delicate, that a pleasant Hint, or waggish Jest would have frighten'd 'em out of a Room; they are now (thanks to your Instructions, Sir) as impenetrable Proof against any thing that tends to put them out of Countenance, and altogether as incapable of the Weakness of a Blush, as *Heydigger, Henly,* or your Self,

They can, with manifest Ease, and Tranquility, sit out an Epilogue, or Farce, that describes to 'em in plain Terms, the *Way of a Man with a Maid*; and not shew the least Discomposure, or Emotion, when the most *significant* Gestures are represented in a Dance — Astonishing Philosophy! What sufficient Retaliation can we Fathers and Husbands make that worthy Person, who has been the happy Instrument of so powerfully correcting the vicious Inclinations of our Wives and Daughters, that they are not to be *moved,* by any thing that can be said to them. This indeed is the great Design, the ultimate End of all Dramatick Writings; so to mould and temper the Passions, as to purge and refine 'em, by the very Means they are excited: And the Atchievement of this glorious Work, is your lawdable Aim in all your Performances. You profoundly judge, that one Poison is best expell'd by another; that Incontinency, is most effectually

ally cur'd by more Incontinency, like heaping on Fewel to put out the Fire; and that the Representation of Lewdness, is the most powerful Restraint from the Practice of it; agreeable to the Maxim of those wise Heathens who made their Slaves drunk, to shew their Sons the Deformity of the Vice.

In fine, Sir, it may be very emphatically affirm'd of you, that you *knew the World*. You have a commensurate Idea of the Length, Depth, and Breadth of all the *Choice Spirits* and *Fine Genius's* of the Age. You are convinc'd by happy Experience, that the Pleasures and Diversions which the present Race of Mortals are most fond of, are such as do the most effectually impose both on their Senses and Understandings; and that the utmost Satisfaction they receive, is from being visibly play'd the Fool with. That their Judgements have got the *Palsy*, and their Imaginations the St. *Vitus's* Dance. The first, benum'd, insensible, and unactive—the last convuls'd, ridiculous, and unnatural; and, like a true *Quack*, you continue to apply *Anodynes* to those, and *Volatiles* to these.

You are a thorough Master, Sir, of the great and Lurative Art of *Delusion*, and every thing is taken for Gold that but goes through your Hands. You can make Profaness pass for Wit, and Lewdness for polite Conversation, Scolding for Rallery, and Hectoring for Courage, a Fool's Coat for pure Humour, and a Tweak by the Nose, or a Box o'the Ear for keen Repartee. The present Set of Criticks who preside in the Theatres, and call themselves the Town, are Gentlemen you well know of such curious Constitutions, as can by no Means undergo the Drudgery of Thinking. To their Taste therefore do you prudently project to reduce your Productions. To apply to their Judgment you cannot, for you are convinc'd they have none; and to accost their Senses in a natural Way, would be likewise Impolitick, for those being a Sort of Inlets, or *Sink-holes* to the Understanding, (which in these Gentlemen I look on to be a kind of *Common Sewer*) it would be only disturbing the *Puddle*, to bespatter your self. Well-judg'd therefore is it of you, Sir, to endeavour to engage 'em by such Diversions, as were never before seen, heard, or conceiv'd; and never can be judg'd of or understood.

In which Attempt you have so wonderfully, and meritoriously succeeded, that whilst the *Sublims* of a *Shakespear*, the *Tenderness* of an *Otway*, and the *Humour* of a *Vanbrugh*, are represented by a *Beoth*, a *Wilks*, and a *Cibber*, to empty Benches; you can by the single wave of a *Harlequin's Wand*, conjure the whole Town every Night into your *Circle*; where, like a true *Cunning Man*, you amuse 'em with a few *Puppy's Tricks* while you juggle 'em of their Pelf, and then cry out with a Note of Triumph,

Si Mundus vult Decipi, Decipiatur.

And now, Sir, having given you a full and true Account of your self, we come next (consonant to the lawdable Custom of Dedications) to say something of our selves, with a Word upon our Performance.

As to the following Piece, it is *Horace new dress'd, moderniz'd, done into English, adapted to the present Taste*, or rather metaphorically speaking, it is *Horace turn'd Harlequin*, with his Head where his Heels should be; in which Posture we ween not but he will be well receiv'd by you Sir, and in Consequence of that, by the whole Town.

—*Nec Phæbo gratior ulla est
Quam sibi quæ Vari prescriptis pagina Nomen.*

But here sue we for Pardon, in not having consider'd that you are too much both of a *modern* fine Gentleman, and Poet, to understand Quotations from such antiquated Authors; howbeit we are warranted hereunto by the daily practice of our Brethren, who never fail to interlace, and trim their Dedications with Scraps from Authors at once so very foreign and enigmatical, that neither their Patrons or themselves are travel'd enough to unriddle them.

And now for the *Criticks*,—those malevolent *Mungrils*, whose Barking we despise; Those *Hogs* whose only Deight is to feed on Ordure and Offalls; Those *Blund'ring* *Sen*, who tread down the good Corn, only to come at the Weeds; Those *Black Birds*, who will be always picking Holes in the fairest Fruit; Those *Ruffians*, with dark Anthorns, which contain just Light enough to shew 'em the

the Way to murder other People; Those *Rats*, which tear Books to Pieces, only to come at the *Paste* they are glew'd with; Those *Owls*, *Batts*, *Vultures*, *Drones*, *Beans*, *Tigers*, *Crocodiles*, *Dragons*, we dread, abominate, neglect, and condemn; being thoroughly satisfy'd with our selves, and this our Performance; well knowing that what we have done, will be of infinite Service to Mankind in general, and greatly tend to the Advantage of our own dear *Countrymen* and *Brethren*; The comfortable Reflection upon which, and the Approbation we shall unquestionably receive from the Town (and for which we lay hold of this Opportunity to return them our humble and hearty Thanks) will support us under all the Opposition we may meet with from the above-mention'd *Hottentots*; and will encourage us to go on to the utmost of our Power, and publish something more as speedily as possible.

One Word more Sir, and we bid you adieu; we had once purpos'd to make the following Work more acceptable to the *Erudite*, by casting at the Foot of each Page, a Competency of Notes both Critical and Explanatory; but upon more mature Deliberation, we determin'd to leave this Part to the penetrating, nice-guessing, and laborious *Dr. Zoilus*; no way doubting but he will execute it with equal Astonishment and Satisfaction to the gentle Reader as he has already done with regard to our original Author.

And now, Sir, begging Pardon both of your self and the Publick, for taking up so much of your precious Time which is always employ'd in their Service, and intreating *Mercury* and *Venus* to take you into their Protection, praying at the same Time that you may never grow *fatt*, or be *laid by the Heels*, but may ever remain *slender*, *flippant* and *free*, both for the Recreation of this Metropolis, and your own private Emolument,

I subscribe my self with all due Submission,

Your humble Admirer,

And hearty Well-Wisher,

Harlequin-Horace



11-8-61



Harlequin-Horace : OR, THE ART of Modern POETRY.

(1)



F some great Artift in whose Works
conspire

The Grace of *Raphael*, and a *Ti-*
tian's Fire,

Should toil to draw the *Portrait* of
a Fair

With *Shaftsb'ry's* Mien, and *Harvey's* pleasing Air ;
A Shape that might with lovely *Queenb'rough's* Vic,
The Smile of *Vanbrugh*, and a *Hartford's* Eye,
'Till the whole Piece shou'd like a *Richmond* shine,
One finish'd Form, in ev'ry Part divine.

Tho' thus with all that's *Justly* pleasing fraught,
Our *modern Connoisseurs* would scorn the Draught.

(2) Such

-
- (1) Humano capiti cervicem Pictor Equinam
Jungere si Velit, & varias inducere plumas.
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum

(2) Such Treatment Friend you must expect to find,
 Whilst Art, and Nature in your works are join'd.
 'Tis not to think with Strength, and write with Ease,
 No——'tis the *Ægri Somnia* now must please ;
 Things without Head, or Tail, or Form, or Grace,
 A wild, forc'd, glaring, unconnected Mass.
 Well ! Bards (*you say*) like Painters, Licence claim,
 To dare do any thing for Bread or —— Fame.
 'Tis granted——therefore use your utmost Might,
 To gratify the Town in all you write ;
 A Thousand jarring Things together yoke,
 The *Dog*, the *Dome*, the *Temple*, and the *Joke*,
 Consult no Order, but for ever steer
 From grave to gay, from florid to severe.

(3) To grand Beginings full of Pomp and Show,
 Big Things profess, and Brags of what you'll do,
 Still some gay, glitt'ring, foreign *Georgaws* join,
 Which, like *gilt Points*, on * *Peter's Coat*, may shine ;
 Descriptions which may make your Readers stare,
 And marvel how such pritty Things came There.

So

Definat in piscem mulier formosa superne ;
 Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis, amici ?

- (2) Credite, Pisones, isti Tabulæ fore Librum
 Persimilem, cujus velut *Ægri Somnia*, vanæ
 Fingentur Species, ut nec pes nec caput uni
 Reddatur formæ. -----

----- Pictoribus atque Poetis

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aqua potestas ;
 Scimus, & hanc Veniam petimulque damusque vicissim
 Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut
 Serpentes avibus gementur, tigris agni.

- (3) Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna professis
 Purpureus late qui splendeat unus & alter
 Assuitur Pannus, -----

* Vide *Tale of a Tub*.



So old * *Dinarchus* tossing on his Bed,
 In dreadful Visions that his Daughter bled,
 A Friend comes in, and with Reflection deep,
 Descants upon the *Sweetness* of his Sleep;
 When up the Sire starts trembling from his Dream,
 And straight presents you with a *purling Stream*,
 Describes the *Riv'let* roving thro' the Trees,
 The dancing *Sun-beams*, and refreshing *Breeze*.

Thus ne'er regard Connection, Time, or Place,
 For sweet Variety has every Grace.
 Suppose you're skill'd in the *Parnassian Art*,
 To purge the Passions, and correct the Heart,
 To paint Mankind in ev'ry Light, and Stage,
 Their various Humours, Characters, and Age,
 To fix each Portion in its proper Place,
 And give the Whole one Method, Form, and Grace;
 What's that to us? who pay our Pence to see
 The great Productions of *Profundity*,
Shipwrecks, and *Monsters*, *Conjurers*, and *Gods*,
 Where every Part is with the Whole at odds,

(4) With Truth and Likelihood we all are griev'd,
 And take most Pleasure, when we're most deceiv'd.

Now

----- cum Lucus & ara Dianæ,
 Aut properantis Aquæ per amænos ambitos agros,
 Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus;
 Sed nunc non erat his locus:

----- & fortasse Cupressum
 Scis simulare, quod hoc, si fractis enatat exspes
 Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora caput
 Institui, currente rotâ cur urceus exit?
 Denique sit quidvis simplex duntaxat & unum.

(4) Decipimur specie recti; brevis esse laboro,
 Obscurus fio; sectantem lævia nervi

* Vide *these Beauties in a Modern Play call'd Timoleon,*
a Tragedy.

Now write obscure, and let your Words move slow,
 Then with full Light, and rapid Ardor glow;
 In one Scene make your *Hero* cant, and whine,
 Then, roar out *Liberty* in every Line;
 Vary one Thing a thousand pleasant Ways,
 Shew *Whales* in *Woods*, and *Dragons* in the *Seas*.

(5) To shun a Fault's the ready Way to fall,
 Correctness is the greatest Fault of all.

(6) What tho' in *Pope's* harmonious Lays combine,
 All thas is lovely, noble, and divine;
 Tho' every part with Wit, and Nature glows,
 And from each Line a sweet Instruction flows;
 Tho' thro' the whole the *Loves*, and *Graces* smile,
 Polish the Manners, and adorn the Stile?
 Yet still unhappily to Sense tied down,
 He's ignorant of the Art to please the Town.
 Heav'n grant I never write like him I mention,
 Since to the *Bays* I could not make pretension,
 Nor *Thresher*-like, hope to obtain a *Pension*.

(7) N'ere wait for Subjects equal to your Might,
 For then, 'tis ten to one you never write;

When

Deficiunt animique profectus grandia turgent.
 Qui variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam
 Delphinum Sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum

(5) In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.

(6) *Emilium* circa ludum faber imus & unguis
 Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ore capillos;
 Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum
 Nesciet; hunc ego me, si quid componere curem
 Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso---

(7) Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
 Viribus; & verlate diu, quid ferre reculent,

When Hunger prompts you, take the first you meet,
 For who'd stand chusing when he wants to eat ?
 Besides, Necessity's the keenest Whet ;
 He writes most natural, who's the most in Debt.

(8) Take then no pains a Method to maintain,
 Or link your Work in a continu'd Chain,
 But cold, dull Order gloriously disdain.
 Now here, now there, launch boldly from your Theme,
 And make surprizing Novelties your Aim ;
 Bombast, and Farce, the Sock and Buskin blend,
 Begin with *Bluster*, and with *Bawdry* end.

(9) In coining Words your own discretion use ;
 For coin you must to suit the *modern* Muse.
 New Terms adapted to the Purpose bring,
 When *Eagles* are to talk, or *Asses* sing.
 No matter that from *Greece*, or *Rome* they come,
 An *Englisch* Poet scorns to go from *Home*.
 Why should to modern *Tibbald* be denied ?
 What antient *Settle* would have own'd with Pride.
 Or why should any mock, or envy me ?
 For writing a new *Art of Poetry* ;
 Since *Welfed*, *Philips*, *Ward*, have given us store
 Of Beauties which were never known before.

For

Quid valeant humeri : cui læta potenter erit res,
 Nec saundia deseret hunc nec lucidus ordo.

(8) Ordinis hæc virtus erit, & Venus, aut ego fallor,
 Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici:
 Pleraque differat, & presens, in Tempus omittat.

(9) In verbis etiam tenuis, cautusque serendis,
 Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
 Reddiderit Junctura novum ; si forte necesse est
 Indiciis monstrare recentibus, abdita rerum
 Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
 Contingent, dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter,

For as the stately Oaks that late were seen
 Proudly compacted, eminently green,
 Rob'd of their leafy Honours, stragling Bow,
 Their hoary Heads beneath the falling Snow;
 So Nature, Wit, and Sense must *blasted* fall,
 Whilst *blooming* Ignorance prevails o'er all.
 No *Work* so great, but what admits decay,
 No *Art* so glorious, but must fade away.
Blenheim's vast Pile shall moulder into Dust,
 And *George's* Statues be consum'd by Rust;
 Old things must yield to *New*, *Common* to *Strange*,
 Perpetual Motion, brings perpetual Change.
 Lo! *Shakespeare's* Head is crush'd by *R—b's* Heel's,
 And a throng'd Theatre in *Goodman's* Fields.
 Lo! *Smithfield* Shows a *polish'd* Court engage,
 And *Hurlotbrumbo* charms the *knowing* Age.

Since

Et nova, fistaque nuper, habebuat verba fidem, si
 Græco fonte cadunt parce derotta. Quid autem
 Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, addemptum
 Virgilio Varioque. Ego cur acquire pauca
 Si possum invidear? Quum lingua Catonis & Enni
 Sermonem patrium dilaverit, & nova eorum
 Nomina protulerit. Licuit, semperque licebit
 Signatum præsentē nota procudere nomen.
 Ut Silva foliis pronos mutantur in annos:
 Prima cadunt; ita Verborum vetus interit ætas,
 Et Juvenum ritu florent modo nata, vigentque.
 Debemur morti nos, nostraque; sive receptus
 Terra Neptunus classes Aquilonibus arcet,
 Regis opus: sterilisve diu palus, abtaque Remis
 Vicinas urbes alit, & grave sentit aratrum.
 ----- Mortalia facta peribunt
 Nedum Sermonum stet honos, & gratia Vivax.

Since Manners alter thus, the *modish* Muse,
 Themes suited to the reigning Taste should chuse :
 What Bard for *starving* Sense would suffer Death ?
 When *fruitful* Folly is th' Establish'd *Faith*,

(10) The Way to write of Heroes, and of Kings,
 And sing in *wond'rous* Numbers, *wond'rous* Things ;
 Of mighty Matters done in bloody Battle,
 How Arms meet Arms, Swords clash, and Cannons rattle,
 How such strange Toils, and Turmoils to rehearse,
 Is learnt from *Blackmore's* everlasting Verse.

(11) To sing of Shepherds, and of Shepherdesses,
 Their awkward Humours, Dialogues, and Dresses :
 The Manner how they plow, and sow, and reap,
 * *How silly they, more silly than their Sheep,*
In Mantles blue, can trip it o'er the Green,
In Namby Pamby's Past'rals may be seen.

(12) *Tibbald* in *Mail compleat* of *Dullness* clad,
Half Bard, *half* Puppet-man, *half* Fool, *half* Mad,
 Rose next to charm the Ear, and please the Eye,
 With ev'ry Monster bred beneath the Sky ;
 His great Command Earth's Salvages obey,
 And ev'ry dreadful Native of the Sea ;

Amaz'd

Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere cadentque
 Quæ nunc sunt in honore Vocabula, si Volet usus,
 Quem penes arbitrium est, & jus, & norma loquendi

(10) Res gestæ, Regumque, Ducumque, & tristia Bella

Quæ scribi possunt numero monstravit Homerus.

(11) Versibus impariter Junctis querimonia Primum,
 Post etiam Inclusa est Voti Sententia compos.

(12) Archilocum proprio rabies armavit Iambo
 Tunc Socii cepere pedem grandesque cothurni,

* *Two Lines in Phillips's Pastorals.*

Amaz'd we view (by his strange Pow'r convey'd)
Pluto's dark Throne, and Hell's tremendous Shade ;
 Then change the Scene, and lo ! Heaven's bright Abodes,
 We dance with Goddesses, and sing with Gods ;
Encore, Encore, rings thro' the raptur'd Round,
Encore, Encore, the ecchoing Roofs resound.

(13) The *Sacred Nine* first gave th' uncommon luck,
 To charm the Royal Ear, to *Stephen Duck* ;
 To sing the *Thresher's Labours*, and recite
 Things done by *Man of God for Sunamite*.
 Laborious *Duck* ! who with prodigious Pain
 Hast thresh'd from thy course, tough, hard-yielding
 brain,

A most abundant Crop of *golden Grain*.

* But which of these the *Laureat's* Wreath shall wear,
 From their *like Merit* cannot well apperr,
 Till deep, discerning *G—ton* shall declare.

(14) If ignorant then of these *new Ways* to Fame,
 You'll ne'er acquire the Poet's sacred Name.

Your

Alternis aptum Sermonibus & populares
 Vincentem strepirus-----

- (13) *Musa* dedit fidibus, *Divos* Puerosque *Deorum*
 Et pugilem *Victoriam*, & *Equum*, certamine primum,
 Et *Juvenum* *Curas*, & libera *Vina* referre.
Quis tamen *exiguos* *Elegos* emiserit *Auctor*
Grammatici certant, & adhuc sub *judice* lis est.
- (14) *Descriptas* *Servare* *vices* *Operumque* *colores*
Cur ego si nequeo *Ignoroque*, *Poëta* *salutor* ?
Cur nescire *pudens* *prave*, quam *discere* *malo* ?
Versibus *exponi* *Tragicis* *res* *comica* non *vult*
Indignatur *item* *privatis* ac *prope* *Socco*

* When these Lines were first wrote, the Place of Poet-
 Laureat was Vacant by the Demise of the Reverend Mr. Eusden.

Your Readers Tastes you must with Care discern,
And never be *too ignorant* to learn.

Let *Comick* Wit be wrote in *Tragick* Verse,
And *doleful* Tales be shown in *hum'rous* Farge:

Assign no Place to a peculiar Part;

Nor brook the Bondage of laborious Art :

But vary oft your Method, and your Stile,

Let one Scene make us weep, the other smile,

It suits the various Tempers of our Isle.

}

(15) 'Tis not enough that Show, and Sing-song meet,
The Ladies look for something *soft*, and *sweet* :

That ev'ry tender Sentiment can move,

And fix their Fancies on the *Part* they love.

In *Perseus* this was to Perfection done,

The *Dance* was very *moving* they must own.

(16) But if you must be foolishly severe,

And in dull Morals madly persevere;

If Sense, and Decency you still will keep,

No wonder if your Audience hiss, or sleep.

Your Words should ne'er be suied to your Theme,

The Sound a *Contrast* to the Sense should seem.

C

A

Dignis Carminibus narrari cæna Thyestæ,
Singula quæque locum teneant Sortita decenter.

Interdum tamen & vocem Comedia tollit,

Et tragicus plerumque dolet Sermone pedestri.

Si curat cor spectantis terigisse querela.

(15) Non satis est pulchra esse Poemata, dulcia sunta

Et quocunque volunt animum auditoris Agunto,

(16) ----- male si mandata loqueris

Aut dormitabo aut ridebo.

----- tristia mixtum

Vultum verba decent, Iratum Plena minarum

Ludentem lasciva, severum seria dictu.

Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem

— Fortunarum habitum. Juvat aut impellit ad Iram

A *merry* Grin sets off a *dismal* Tale,
Weep when you *jest*, and *giggle* while you *rail*.

For wanton Nature forms the human Mind,
Still fond of *Wonders*, and to *Change* inclin'd ;
Plain Sense we fly, *strange* Nonsense to pursue,
And leave *old Follies*, but to grasp at *New* ;
One hour we court, what we the *next* refuse,
And loath to morrow, what to day we chuse :
Now we are grave, then gay—now wing'd with Joy,
Then sunk in Grief—and all we know not why.
The Things we hunt, are Pleasure, Wealth, and Fame,
But a wrong Scent still cheats us of the Game ;
For different Objects, different Aims excite,
And still we think the last Opinion right :
To Craft, Deceit, and Selfishness inclin'd,
We never let the Face betray the Mind ;
But then look fairest, when we mean most Ill,
And *Sirens* like we only smile—to kill :
By Interest sway'd, each Word is full of Art,
And still their Tongue runs counter to the Heart.

(17) From all Restraint your Characters set free,
Nor with their Fortune make their Words agree.
We hate a Piece where Truth and Nature meet,
Scorn what is real, but enjoy Deceit ;
And always give the most Applause to those,
Who on our very Senses most impose.

And

-
- Aut ad humum maxore gravi diducit & angit,
Post effert animi motus interprete Lingua.
(17) Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,
Romani tollent Equites peditesque cachinnum.

(18) Take then no Pains resemblance to pursue,
 Give us but something very strange, and new,
 'Twill entertain the more—that 'tis not true,
 If great Sir R—b—t's Character you'd feign,
 Describe him mean, revengeful, thoughtless, vain;
 A thousand monstrous Accusations bring,
 False to his *Friends*, his *Country*, and his *King*.
 Make *weekly Patriots* free from Envy seem,
 And Publick Good their *Thoughts*, as well as *Theme*
 Call D—n—t proud, vain-glorious, fond of Station,
 And H—v—r the Honour of the Nation;
 Shew Cb—f—ld nor witty, nor polite,
 A—m—le unable or to speak, or fight.

(19) But if some untry'd Story you would chuse,
 And in new Characters employ your Muse;
 Draw each be sure as monstrous as you can,
 Something betwixt a Cb—rtres and a Man.
 True to it self let no one Image be,
 Nor the Beginning, with the End agree;
 From first to last write on without Design,
 And give us some new Wonder in each Line.

(20) 'Tis

- (18) Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge
 Scriptor. Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem,
 Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
 Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis;
 Sit Medea ferox invictaque, flebilis Ino,
 Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.
- (19) Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, & audes
 Personam formare novam, servetur ad imum
 Qualis ab ineptu processerit, & sibi constet.

(20) 'Tis difficult a well-known Tale to tell,
 It won't admit Variety so well ;
 But if you bring a *Scotch*, or *Irish* Story,
 You'll never fail to please both *Wbig* and *Tory* :
 Then other's Labours you may make your own,
 Steal every Word, nor fear its being known ;
 For if another should your Theft explore,
 E'en cry *Thief* first, like honest *J—y Moore*.

(21) Let lofty Language your Beginning grace,
 And still set out with a gigantick Pace ;
 In thund'ring Lines your *no Design* rehearse.
 And rant, and rumble in a Storm of Verse.

It ne'er can fail to charm a crowded House,
 To see the lab'ring Mountain yield a Mouse.
 We're pleas'd to find the *great*, th' *important*, *Day*,
 Produce a Jig, a Wedding, or a Fray ;
As if the old World modestly withdrew,
And in Creation had brought forth a New ;
 Profundly judging with the antient Sire,
 That *where there is much Smoke, must be some Fire.*

(22) 'Tis

- (20) Difficile est proprie communia dicere : tuque
 Rectius Illiacum Carmen deducis in actus,
 Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus ;
 Publica materies privati Juris erit, Si
 Nec Verbum Verbo curabis reddere fidus
 Interpres, nec sic desilies Imitator in arctum
 Unde Pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut Operis Lex.
- (21) Nec sic incipies ut Scriptor Cyclicus olim,
 Fortunam Priami cantabo & nobile Bellum ;
 Quid dignum tanto feriet hic promissor hiatus,
 Parturient montes nascetur ridiculus mus.
 Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare Lucem
 Cogitat ut speciosa dehinc Miracula promat.

(22) 'Tis therefore yours to keep the Mind in Doubt,
And never let your Meaning quite come out;
To shun the least approach of Light with Care,
And turn, and double like a hunted Hare.
To hide your whole Design make some Pretence,
And spare no Pains to keep us in Suspense;
Leave out no Nonsense, and you cannot fail
To make your Work have neither Head nor Tail.

(23) If anxious to delight the list'ning Throng,
Their strict Attention, and loud Claps prolong;
It ev'ry Rank, and Sect you would engage,
Ne'er suit your Manners to the Sex, or Age.
To write in Character is not requir'd;
The more uncommon, 'tis the more admir'd.

(24) A Child that just can go alone, and prattle,
Should mourn at once, for loss of Breast—and Battle;
Like little *W—ll—m*, boast true *English* Spirit,
And gravely talk of Virtue, Sense, and Merit;
Converse with Patriots, and *Politicians*,
And rail at *Dunkirk*, *Hanover* and *Hessians*.

(25) The beardless Youth as wanton as a Squirrel,
Just free'd from Discipline of Rod, and Ferrel,
Should

(22) Semper ad eventum festinat & in medias res,
Non secus ac notas auditorem rapit & quæ.
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit;
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.

(23) Si plausoris eges aulae manentis, & usque
Sessuri donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat,
Ætatis cujusque norandi sunt tibi mores.

(24) Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, & pede certo
Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, & iram
Colligit ac ponit temere, & mutantur in horas.

(25) Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,

Should wisely cast his jovial Sports away,
Renounce his Wenching, Drinking, Dogs, and Play,
Copy the *stingy Duke* so young and thrifty,
And look, and talk a very Don of Fifty.

(26) One of that Age at which 'tis made a Rule,
That each Man's a Physician, or a Fool;
Wild as old wanton *R——* should appear,
Void of Ambition, innocent of Fear;
Nor Fame, nor Friendship, nor Preferment mind,
So *Fowler* prove but staunch, and *Phyllis* kind.

(27) Old Age in youthful Pleasures should delight,
And like grim *Ch——rt——*, Drink, Wench, Game, and Bite;
Have each weak Side supported by a Whore,
And ravish *Drury-Virgins* by the Score.
For 'tis you know an uncontested Truth,
That Age is nothing but a second Youth.
Dejected Thought! that all the Toil and Cares
Which Youth's employ'd in, all our Hopes, and Fears;
The Wealth, Fame, Knowledge, Honour, we obtain,
Pass a few Years, are useless found, and vain.

Thus Truth and Nature you must still neglect,
For those Things please us most we least expect,
To see *Sixteen* like old Sir *Gilbert* scrape,
And *Sixty* sent to *Newgate* for a Rape.

The

Gaudet equis canibusque & aprici gramine campi;
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus aris,
Sublimis, cupidusque & amata relinquere pernix.

- (26) Conversis studiis ætas animusque virilis
Quærit opes & amicitias inservit honori,
Commisisse caver quod mox mutare labore.
- (27) Multa senem circum veniunt incommoda, vel quod
Quærit & inventis miser abstinet, ac timer uti:
Vel quod Res omnes timide gelideque ministrat;
Dilator, spe longus inners avidusque futuri.
Difficilis, querulus, Laudator temporis acti
& puero, censor castigatque minorum.

(28) Next shun with Care, the Rule prescrib'd of old,
That Things too strange, should, not be shewn, but
told.

The Feats of *Faustus*, and the Pranks of *Jove*
Chang'd to a *Bull*, to carry off his Love;
The *swimming Monster*, and the *flying Steed*,
Medusa's Cavern, and her Serpent-breed,
Domes voluntary rising from the Ground,
And *Yahoo Rich* transform'd into a *Hound*,
All acted, with a Show of Truth deceive,
Which if related we should ne'er believe;
Glorious Free-thinking reigns to that degree,
We credit nothing now, but what we see.

(29) The Number of your Acts we never mind,
For modern Poets scorn to be confin'd:
Two sometimes suits the Genius, sometimes Three,
With hungry Bards the fewest best agree.

(30) To serve each purpose, be it ne'er so odd,
Be sure to introduce a *Ghost* or — *God*;
Make *Monsters*, *Fiends*, *Heaven*, *Hell*, at once engage,
For all are pleas'd to see a *well-fill'd* Stage.

(31) The

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,
Multa recedentes adimunt; ne forte seniles
Mandentur Juveni partes, pueroque Viriles,
Semper in adjunctis ævoque morabitur aptis.

(28) Aut agitur res in Scenis, aut acta refertur;
Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipse sibi tradit Spectator - - non tamen intus
Digna geri, promes in Scenam - - -

Nec pueros, coram populo, Medea trucidet
Aut in avem Progne mutatur, Cadmus in Anguem,
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi.

(29) Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu
Fabula, quæ posci vult & Spectata reponi.

(30) Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit, nec quarta loqui persona laboret.

(31) The ancient *Chorus* justly's laid aside,
 And all its Office by a *Song* supply'd :
 A *Song* — when to the Purpose something's lack't,
 Relieves us in the middle of an Act ;
 A *Song* inspires our Breasts with am'rous Fury,
 And turns our Fancies on the *Nymphs* of *Drury* :
 Can quell our Rage, and pacify our Cares,
 Revive old Hopes, and banish present Fears ;
 Lighten like Wine the bitter Load of Life,
 And make each Wretch forget his *Debts* — and *Wife*.

(32) In Days of Old when *Englishmen* were *Men*,
 Their Musick like themselves, was grave, and plain ;
 The manly Trumpet, and the simple Reed,
 Alike with *Citizen*, and *Swain* agreed,
 Whose Songs in lofty Sense, but humble Verse,
 Their Loves, and Wars alternately rehearse ;
 Sung by themselves their homely Cheer to crown,
 In Tunes from Sire to Son deliver'd down,

But

(31) *Aëoris partes Chorus officiumque Virile*
Defendat, neu quid medios intercinat ætus
Quod non proposito conducatur & hæreat apte ;
Ille bonis faveatque & concilietur amicis,
Ille regat iratos, & amet peccare timentes :
Ille dapes laudet mensæ brevis, ille salubrem
Justitiam, legesque, & apertis otia Portis ;
Ille tegat Commissa, Deosque precetur & oret
Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.

(32) *Tibia non, ut nunc, Oichalco vincta, Tubæque*
Æmula, sed tenuis simplex foramine pauco,
Aspirare & adesse Choris erat utilis, atque
Nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu,
Quo sane Populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
Et frugi, castusque verecundusque coibat.
Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem

(33) But now, since *Brittains* are become polite,
 Since some have learnt to *read*, and some to *write*;
 Since Trav'ling has so much improv'd our *Beaux*,
 That each brings home a foreign *Tongue*, or *Nose*;
 And Ladies paint with that amazing Grace,
 That their best *Vizard* is their natural *Face*;
 Since *South-Sea Schemes* have so enrich'd the Land,
 That *Footmen* 'gainst their *Lords* for *Boroughs* stand;
 Since *Masquerades* and *Opera's* made their Entry,
 And *Heydegger* and *Handell* rul'd our Gentry;
 A hundred different Instruments combine,
 And foreign *Song sters* in the Concert join:
 The *Gallick Horn*, whose winding Tube, in vain
 Pretends to emulate the *Trumpet's* Strain;
 The *shrill'd-ton'd Fiddle*, and the *warbling Fluit*,
 The *grave Bassoon*, deep *Base*, and *tinkling Lute*,
 The *jingling Spinnet*, and the *full-mouth'd Drum*,
 A *Roman Weather* and *Venetian Strum*,
 All league, melodious Nonsense to dispense,
 And give us *Sound*, and *Show*, instead of *Sense*;
 In unknown *Tongue* mysterious Dullness chant,
 Make Love in *Tune*, or thro' the *Gamut* rant.

(33) Long labour'd *Rich*, by Tragick Verse to gain
 The Town's Applause—but labour'd long in vain;

D

Ar

Lator amplecti murus, Vinoque diurno
 Placari Genius festis impune diebus,
 Accessit numerisque modisque libentia major;
 Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,
 Et tulit Eloquium insolitum facundia praeceps:
 Utiliumque sagax rerum & divina futuris
 Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.

(33) Carmine qui Tragico vilem certavit ob Hircum;

At length he wisely to his Aid call'd in,
 The *active Mime*, and *checker'd Harlequin*.
 Nor rul'd by Reason, nor by Law restrain'd,
 In all his Shows, Smut and Profanefs reign'd ;
Lords, Squires, and Commons, all alike they roast,
 From *Knight of Garter*, down to *Knight of Post* ;
 Paid no regard to any Rank or Station,
 * Yea, mock'd the solemn Rites of *Coronation*.
Lords, Knights, and Ladies who but late were seen
 With Regal Pomp, and Eminence of Mien ;
Plumes on their Heads, that seem'd to reach the Skie
Ribbands and *Stars* that dazzl'd every Eye ;
Trains that with Gold and Purple swept the Ground,
 And *Musick* like the Sphere's celestial Sound ;
 Here stripp'd of all, in homely guise appear,
Knights Hempen-strings, and *Ladies Pattens* wear ;
 The good *Lord Mayor*, as erst, devouring *Gustard*,
 And *Musick*, as when *City-Bands* are muster'd.

Thou then, O Bard ! who would'st attempt to please,
 Give us such fine, fantastick Things at these ;
 Make our grave *Matrons* as unseemly Dance,
 And talk as Lewd as *Mademoiselles de France*.

(34) Who're

Mox etiam agrestes Satyros nudavit, & asper.
 Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit, eo quod
 Illecebris erat & grata novitate morandus
 Spectator, functusque sacris, & potus, & exlex.
 Verum ita risores ita commendare dicaces,
 Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere Seria Ludo,

* Soon after the Coronation of their present Majesties, there was a pompous Representation of the Solemnity, and Procession, exhibited at the Theatre in Drury-Lane, which Mr. Rich took occasion to Burlesque in the Manner above describ'd.

(34) Who e're would *Comedy* or *Satire* write ;
 Must never spare *Obscenity*, and *Spite* :
 A *Quantum sufficit* of Smut, will raise
 Crowds of Applauders to the dullest Plays ;
 Whilst Scandal, Rallery, and pure ill Nature,
 Are found the best *Ingredients* for a Satire.
 But he that would in *Buskins* tread the Sage,
 With *Rant*, and *Fustian*, must divert the Age,
 And *Boschi* like, he always in a Rage. }
 In *Blood* and *Wounds* the *Galleries* most delight,
 Who thinks all Vertue is to storm, and fight ;
 Whilst *Plumes*, gilt *Truncheons*, bloody *Ghosts* and *Thunder*,
 Engage the *Boxes* to behold and—wonder.
 Confound each Character, no difference make
 If *Talbot*, or *Gonson* be to speak ;
 So puzzle well known Things, that all may own,
 Such Wonders could be done by you alone :
 So much surprizing Novelty prevails,
 And adds such Honours to the meanest Tales.

(35) Let

Ne quicunque Deus, quicunque adhibitur heros
 Regali conspectus in auro nuper & Ostro
 Migret in obscuras, humili sermone, Tabernas.

Effutire leves indigna Tragicæ Versus,
 Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus,
 Interet Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.

- (34) Non ego inornata & dominantia nomina solum
 Verbaque Pisones, Satyrorum Scriptor amabo ;
 Nec sic enitar Tragico differe colori
 Ut nihil intersit Davusne loquatur, an audax
 Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone Talentum :
 An custos famulusque Dei Silenus alumni.
 Ex noto fictum carmen sequar ut sibi quis
 Speret idem. Sudet multum, frustra que laborer
 Ausus idem. Tantum Series juncturaque pollet,
 Tantum de medio sumptis accedit honoris,

(35) Let Country *Louts* then, just come up to Town,
Well-bred, Polite, and Elegant, be shewn;
Talk Blasphemy and Bawdry, with a *Port*,
As if they had been born, and bred at Court:
To see all Nature with such Art inverted,
Tom and my *Lord* will be alike diverted;
Let Criticks snarl, they never can redress,
For worthy Leave is given you to transgress.

(36) But hold, wise Sir, for that *your Leave*, we crave,
What shan't we shew the little Wit we have?
Shall *we* (*you cry*) learn writing ill by *Rule*,
And have *we* need to *Study* to be *Dull*?
Yes—when the greatest Merit's want of Sense,
The least faint glimpse of Reason gives offence:
Besides, who'd read the *Antients* Night and Day,
And toil to follow where they lead the Way?
Who'd write, and cancel with alternate Pain,
First sweat to build, then to pull down again?
To turn the weigh'd Materials o'er and o'er,
And every Part, in ev'ry Light explore,
From Sense, and Nature never to depart,
And labour *artfully*, to cover *Art*:

Who'd

(35) *Silvis deducti caveant me iudice Fauni,
Ne velut innati triviis & pene forenses.
Aut immunda crepent ignominiosaque dicta:
Offenduntur enim quibus est Equus & Pater & Res,
Et data Romanis Venia est indigna Poetis.*

(36) *Idcircone vager scribamque licenter? an omnes
Visuros peccata putem mea; vitavi denique culpram,
Non laudem merui-----*

-----vos Exemplaria Græca
Nocturna versate manu, versata Diurna

Who'd seek to run such *rugged* Roads as these ?
 When *smooth Stupidity's* the Way to please ;
 When gentle *Handel's* Sing-songs more delight,
 Than all a *Dryden* or a *Pope* can write.

(37) Our ancient Tragedy was void of Art,
 Shewn by some merry *Briton* in a Cart,
 Whose naked Tribe of *Saxons*, *Scots*, and *Picts*,
 Sung Songs like *Leveridge*, and like *Rich* play'd Tricks.

(38) Then *Shakespear* rose in a politer Age,
 And plac'd his well-dress'd Actors on a Stage,
 Taught them to move with Grace, and speak with Art,
 To charm the Passions, and engage the Heart ;

(39) Next laughing Comedy with awkward Grace,
 Began to shew its rediculing Face,
 But taking too much Freedom with the *Great*,
 In *Polly's Opera* receiv'd its Fate.

(40) Our *English* Bards have left untry'd no Ways,
 No Stone unturn'd in the pursuit of Praise ;
 But bravely launching from the *Antient's* Road,
 In Paths peculiar to themselves have trod ;

Till

At nostri proavi Plautinos & numeros &
 Laudavere sales.

(37) Ignotum Tragicæ Genus invenisse Camænx
 Dicitur, & Plautiis vexisse poemata Thespis,
 Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti sæcibus ora ;

(38) Post hunc Personæ pallæque repertor honestæ
 Æschylus & modicis instravit Pulpita tignis,
 Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique Cothurno.

(39) Successit Vetus his Comædia non sine multa
 Laude, sed in vitium libertas excidit, & Vim
 Dignam lege regi, lex est accepta : Chorusque
 Turpius obtruncuit sublato Jure nocendi.

(40) Nil intentatum nostri liquere Poetæ,
 Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Græca
 Ausi deseruere, & celebrare domestica facta :

Till *Brittain* now like famous is become,
For *Arms Abroad*, and *Poetry at Home*.

Some Fools indeed amongst us yet remain,
Who think to mend their Works by Time, and Pain ;
Much Care, and Reading their Productions cost,
Much Care and *Reading* now, is *so much* lost :
Take then no Time to Think, but work in haste,
The brightest Talent's that of writing fast.

(41) Most Readers like romantick Flights alone,
And scorn a Poem where Design is shewn ;
Nor think that any Man can be a Poet,
Unless his frantick Looks, and Actions shew it.
If therefore you would gain the sacred Name,
And with the *Mob* immortalize your Fame ;
Be sure that like *mere* Men you ne're be seen,
Good natur'd, cheerful, mannerly, or clean ;

But

Nec vertute foret clarissime potentius armis,
Quam lingua, Latium, si non offenderet unum
Quemque Poetarum Limæ Labor & mora -- Vos o
Pompilius Sanguis Carmen reprehendite quod non,
Multa dies & multa litura coercuit, atque
Perfectum decies non castigavit unguem.

(41) Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte
Credit, & excludit sanos Helicon Poetas
Democritus, Bona pars non unguis ponere curat,
Non Barbam, secreta petit loca, Balnea vitat ;
Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque Poetz
Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam
Tonfori Licino commiserit. - - -

- - - O ego lazus

Qui purgo Bilem sub verni Temporis horam :

- - - - - ergo fungar vice cotis

Reddere quæ ferrum valet exors ipsa secandi ;

Munus & officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo

Unde parentur opes, quid format alterque Poetam.

But slovenly, and thoughtful walk the Street,
 Talk to your self, and know no Friend you meet.
 As for my self, I'm far from being nice,
 And practice often what I here advise;
 At Shop, or Stall of Stationer appear,
 With tatter'd Habit, and abstracted Air;
 Now fiercely gazing, now in Thought profound,
 My Eyes or at the Stars, or on the Ground.
 Not that I dare to Poetry pretend,
 But boast at most to be the Poet's Friend,
 To *whet* them on to write, and like the *Hone*,
 Give others Edge, tho' I my self have none;
 To point them out the most successful Ways,
 To purchase *Pudding*, and to purchase *Praise*.
 Hear then, ye Bards, with close Attention hear,
 (You that are bless'd with a remaining *Ear* ;)
 Learn hence what Paths to quit, or to pursue,
 To gain the False, and to avoid the True;
 Learn hence new Ways, and Wonders to explore,
 And write as Poets never wrote before.

(42) A thorough Knowledge of the Court, and
 Town,

Is the grand *Nesrum* to acquire Renown;
 Let *Novels*, *Memoirs*, and *Lampcons* be read,
 And with the *Attalantis* fill your Head.
 A Bard well skill'd in the Affairs of State,
 And all th' Intrigues, and Knaveries of the Great;

That

(42) Scribendi recte Sapere est & principium & fons;
 Rem tibi Socraticæ possunt ostendere Chartæ,
 Qui didicit Patri quid debeat, & quid amicis,
 Quo sit amore Parens, quo frater amandus, & Hospes,
 Quod sit conscripti, quod Judicis officium, quæ

That knows the solem Promises they make,
 They do — for no one Purpose but to break ;
 Their talk of publick Good, and future Fame,
 Means present Profit all, and private Aim ;
 That all the filial Piety they have,
 They long to bury in their *Father's* Grave,
 And all the Brotherly Regards they bear,
 Consist in Hopes of soon commencing *Hoir*.
 Who knows what *Members* for their Votes are paid,
And sell their Country with their Voice for Bread.
 What *Judge*, who while he hangs the needy Knave,
 For a *plum* Hundred will the rich One save ;
 And what fierce *Captain* when commanded out,
 Resigns his Post, or *counterfeits the Gout* :
 A Bard, I say, with such Acquirements stor'd,
 Can draw a *Filt*, a *Sharper*, or a *Lord* ;
 And private Scandals better entertain,
 Than all the Sweat, and Labour of the Brain.

(43) The *Greeks*, dull Souls ! so greedy were of
 Fame,

They starv'd their *Body*, to preserve their *Name* :
 They scorn'd forsooth to suit the Taste,
 Their Labours to Posterity must last,
 And, for the present, they must — what ? why fast.

Than

Partes in bellum missi ducis, ille profecto
 Reddere Personæ scit convenientia cuique.
 Respicere Exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
 Doctum imitatore, & veras hinc ducere voces ;
 Interdum Speciosa locis morataque recte,
 Valdius delectat populum meliusque moratur,
 Quam versus inopes rerum nugæque canoræ.
 (43) Graiis Ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
 Musa loqui præter Laudem nullius avaris.

Than Heav'n we're bless'd with more *substantial Sense*,
 And take most Pleasure, when we count the *Pence*;
 Let wicked *Heathens* be so proud, and vain,
 A Christian Poet's Godliness is *gain*.
 Take then due Care to lengthen out the Piece,
 By which you'll *profit* more, as well as *please*,
 Of Bulk alone your Printer is a Judge,
 Nor a large Price, for many Sheets can grudge;
 Your Readers too you better can impose on,
 Whilst the long, tedious, puz'ling *Tome* they doze on.

(44) When'ere for Sake of sweet Variety,
 You'd draw some Wonder, or diverting Lie
 Fly far from *heavy* Probability;
 And shew *Tom Thumb*, the more Surprize to give,
 From the *Cow's Belly* taken out alive.

(45) To please alone employ your Thoughts and Care,
 Nor Age, nor Youth, will Admonition bear;
 Your preaching moral Dunce we always slight,
 And read not for Instruction, but Delight.

E

(46) 'Tis

Romani pueri longis rationibus assem
 Discunt in partes centum diducere - - - -
 Aut prodesse volunt aut delectare Poetæ,
 Aut simul & Jucunda & idonea dicere Vitæ.
 Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis, ut cito dicta
 Percipiant animi dociles teneantque fideles;
 Omne supervacuum pleno da pectore manat.

- (44) Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris:
 Neu pransæ Latinæ vivum fœtum extrahat alve.
 (45) Centuriæ Seniorum agitant expertia frigus;
 Celsi prætereunt austera poemata Rhamnes.

(46) 'Tis then, and then alone the Point you gain,
 If no one Precept in your Works remain,
 But *Ribaldry*, and *Scandal* lawless Reign.
 Thus shall you gain the Profit you pursue,
 And *Curl* get Money by the Copy too;
 Thus shall all *Drury* in your Praise combine,
 And distant *Goodman's Fields* their Pæans join;
 So far *Barbadoes* shall re-sound your Fame,
 And ev'n *transported Felons* know your Name.

(47) Yet if by *chance*, you here and there impart,
 Some Sparks of Wit, or Glimmerings of Art;
 If by *mistake* you *blunder* upon Sense,
 Good Nature will forgive the first Offence;
 No *String* will always give the Sound requir'd,
 Nor *Shaft* fly faithfully to the Point desir'd:
 If that your Works are generally fraught,
 With *pompous* Show, and *Shallowness* of Thought;
 If hum'rous Point, smooth Verse, and forc'd Conceits,
 With *soothing* Sound, and *solid* Nonsense meet:
 We shall not be offended with one Fault,
 Thro' *Want* of Negligence, or *Pain* of Thought:
 But think not that an Audience will excuse
 The *Fool* that *purposely dull Sense* pursues,

That

- (46) Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
 Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo;
 Hic meret æra liber Sociis: hic & mare transit,
 (47) Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus;
 Nam neq; chordæ Sonum reddat quem vult manus & mens,
 Nec semper feriet quodcumque minabitur arcus:
 Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
 Offendari maculis, quos aut incuria fudit,
 Aut humana parum cavit natura: quid ergo?
 Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque

That *Young* or *Thomson* like, will never write,
 Unless at once to profit, and delight.
 The best may err 'tistrue, and seem to creep,
 Long Labours sink the brightest Souls in sleep;
 I'm griev'd to find even *Cheshire Johnson* nod,
 And sometimes shew the Absence of the God.

(48) Painting and Poetry should still agree,
 Some Pictures best far off, some near, we see;
 So when the Tricks of *Faustus* are presented,
 If plac'd noo nigh my Pleasure is prevented;
 I see the *Strings* by which the Feats are done,
 And quickly find no *Conjurer* in *Lun*.
 If *Ghosts* appear make *dark* the solemn Scene,
 But in full *Light* let *Goddeses* be seen;
 Poor *Bay's* Opera scarce should bear *one* View,
 But *Gay's* repeated *Sixty-times*, was new.

(49) O! *Dennis*, eldest of the scribbling Throng,
 Tho' skill'd thy self in ev'ry Art of Song,
 Tho' also of thy *Mother-Goddes* full,
 By Inspiration *furiously* Dull;

Yet

Quamvis est monitus, venia caret: ut citharedus
 Ridetur, chorda qui semper oberrat eadem:
 Sic mihi qui multum cessat, sit Chærilus ille,
 Quem bis terque bonum cum risu miror, & idem
 Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus;
 Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

(48) Ut Pictura Poësis erit, quæ si proprius stes
 Te capiet magis; & quædam, si longius abstes;
 Hæc amat obscurum, volet hæc sub luce videri;
 Hæc placuit semel, hæc decies reperita placebit.

(49) O major Juvenum quamvis & voce paterna
 Fingeris ad rectum, & per te sapis, hoc tibi dictum
 Tolle memor, certis medium & tolerabile rebus
 Recte concedi. Consultus Juris & actor,
 Causarum mediocris abest vertute diserti

Yet this one Maxim from my Pen receive,
 To *midling* Bards the World no Quarter give.
Gibbald a *Petty-fogger* might have made,
 And been perhaps a Dapster at his Trade.
 Th' indifferent Lawyer is the most in Vogue,
 And still the greater, as the greater Rogue.
 But *midling* Poets are by all accurst,
 We only listen to the Best or ——— *Worst*.

(50) All Arts by Time, and Industry are gain'd,
 And without Pains no Knowledge is obtain'd.
Ladies must study hard to play *Quadril*,
 And *Doctors* take *Degrees* before they kill.
 Young *Levites* be compleatly read in *Greek*,
 Before they school their Parish once a Week:
Courtiers with Patience for Preferment wait,
 And *Lawyers* study *Equity* to cheat:
 But yet you say that without Pains, or Time,
 All dare to dabble in the Arts of Rhime:
 Why not? since Fancy, Poverty, and Spite,
 Demand eternal Privilege to write.
 Without Restraint indulge your *sharp* Desire,
 Want—not *Minerva*, kindles up the Fire:

Trust

Messala, nec sit quantum Cascellius Aulus
 Sed tamen in pretio est --- Mediocribus esse Poëtis
 Non Homines, non Dii, non concessere columnæ.
 Sic, animis natum inventumque Poema juvandis,
 Si paulum a summo discessit, vergit ad imum.
 (50) Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis:
 Indulsusve Pilæ, Discive, Trochive, quiescit.
 Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere. Quidni?
 Liber & Ingenuus -----
 Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva.
 ----- Si quid tamen olim,
 Scripseris in metui descendat Judicis aures

Trust then alone to arbitrary Chance,
And let no *Critick* o'er your Labours glance,
But if thro' haste, some Parts remain too *bright*,
The next *Edition* you may *cloud* them quite.

(51) *Orpheus*, I've read, by his harmonious Skill,
Made *Birds* and *Beasts* obedient to his Will,
Amphion greater yet, made *Stones* advance,
And sturdy *Oaks* to mingle in the Dance;
But how much greater in our Age are those!
Whose powerful Strains could charm the *Belles* and *Beaux*!
'Tis likewise said, that in our Father's Days,
By Sense, and Vertue Poets aim'd at Praise,
And in their Country's Service run'd their Lays.
Taught Men from Fraud, and Rapine to abstain,
And Publick Good prefer, to private Gain:
Shew'd 'em what Reverence to the *Gods* was due,
And what rich Fruits from *Social Virtues* grew:
By nuptial Ties loose Libertines restrain'd,
Taught mutual Commerce, and wise Laws ordain'd;
Whilst others sung in animating Strains,
The martial Hosts embattl'd on the Plains;
Or useful Secrets labour'd to explore,
Which lay conceal'd in Nature's Womb before.

For

-
- Et patris & nostras; nonumque prematur in annum
Membranis intus positis, delere liceat
Quod non edideris: Nescit vox missa reverti.
(51) Sylvestres Homines Sacer Interpresque Deorum
Caudibus & victo fadu deterruit Orpheus.
Dictus ob hoc lenire Tigres rapidoque Leones.
Dictus & Amphion Thebanæ conditor Arcis.
Saxa movere Sono testudinis. & prece blanda
Ducere quo vellet: Fuit hæc sapientia quondam
Publica privatis secernere, Sacra profanis;
Concubitu prohibere vago, dare iura maritis:
Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.

For such dull Stuff they justly are despis'd,
 We knowing *Moderns* scorn to be advis'd.
 How much more entertaining is the *Bard*,
 That of all Vertue shews a Disregard,
 Who by no Laws Divine, or Human aw'd,
 Rails at his *Prince*, and redicules his *God*;
 To Vice and Folly splendid Temples rears,
 And for our Entertainment, risks his Ears.

(52) Some question whether this diverting Vein,
 Be Nature's Gift, or is acquir'd by Pain.

In my Opinion neither is requir'd,
 Nor taught by *Study*, nor by *Genius* fir'd,
 By *Whim* alone, or *Penury* inspir'd.

He then that would the wish'd-for Prize obtain,
 Need never dim his Eyes, or rack his Brain,
 Nor toil by Day, nor meditate by Night,
 But take for *Power*, the *Willingness* to write,
 And ever thoughtless, indolent, and gay,
 With *Wine*, and *Women* revel Life away.

Let *Pipers* learn their Fingers to command,
 And *Fiddlers* drudge seven Years to make a Hand,

You

----- Post hos insignis Homerus,
 Tyrtæusque, mares animos in martia Bella,
 Versibus exacuit: dictæ per carmina Sortes
 Et Vitæ monstrata via est, & gratia regum
 Pieris tentata modis: Ludusque repertus
 Et longorum operum finis, ne forte pudori
 Sit tibi Musa lyra solers & cantor Apollo.
 Sic honor & nomen divinis Varibus atque
 Carminibus venit. -----

(52) Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
 Quæsitum est. Ego nec studium sine divite Vena,
 Nec rude quod profit video ingenium.
 Qui studet operatam cursu contingere metam,
 Multa tulit fecitque puer. Sudavit & aluit,

5-8-61

You care for nothing but a warm *Third Night*;
Why then, *Pox take the Hindmost!* cry, and write:

(53) 'Tis likewise requisite you some should hire,
On the first Night, your Labours to admire;
Some that will stamp, and rave at ev'ry Line,
And swear 'tis charming! exquisite! divine!
Applaud when *Chair*, or *Couch*, is well brought in,
And clap the very *drawing* of the *Scene*;
And next, old *Dennis* with a *Supper* treat,
He'll like your *Poem* as he likes your *Meat*;
For give that growling *Cerberus* but a *Sop*,
He'll close his *Jaws*, and sleep like any *Top*.

(54) But well beware you never trust to those,
Who under *Friendship's* Mask, are real *Foes*,
And sway'd by *Envy*, *Ignorance*, or *Spite*,
Find *Fault* with every thing that you recite;
Who ne're will pardon an *unmeaning* Line,
But *Rhime* to *Reason*, slavishly confine:

" Enliven this (*they* cry) and Polish that,

" The *Diction's* here too rugged, there too flat,

" That

Abstiniuit Venere & Vino. Qui Pythia cantat
Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magistrum,
Nunc satis est dixisse, ego mira Poemata pango:
Occupet extremum scabies -----

(53) Ut præco ad merces Turbam qui coget emendas,
Assentatores Jubet ad lucrum ire Poeta.
Tu seu donaris. seu quid donare voles cui,
Nolito ad verius tibi factos ducere plenum
Lætitia. Clamabit enim, pulchre, bene, recte.
Palleſcet super his: etiam stillabit amicis
Ex oculis rorem: saliet, tundet pede Terram.
Reges dicuntur multis urgere cucullis,
Et torquere meto quem perspicuisse laborent,
An sit amicitia dignus -----

Namquam te fallant animi sub Vulpe latentes,
Quintilio siquid recitares, corrige, sodes

" That *Thought's* too mean, and here you're too ob-
" scure,

" This *Line's* ill-turn'd, and——strike out those be
" sure.

Thus, while they *cancel* what they *call* amiss,
There scarce remains a *Line* of all the *Piece*.

(55) As, when, you would avoid a clam'rous *Dun*,
Scour from a *Catchpole*, or the *Pill'ry* shun,
So fly such *Criticks*, trust your self alone,

Nor to *their* Humour, sacrifice your own:

No——rather seek some *Sycophant* at Court,
Some rich, young, lack-wit *Lord* for your support:
Submit your Works to his *right-loucur'd* Note,
He'll *Judge*, with the *same Spirit* that you wrote:

(56) And if a *Dupe*, that *freely* bleeds, you nick,
Be sure you fasten, and be sure you stick;
Be-rime, *Be-prose* him, *Dedicate*, and *Lie*,
And never leave him, till you've suck'd him dry.

Hoc, aiebat, & hoc. Melius te posse negares
Bis terque expertum frustra? delere Jubebat.
Et male tornatos incendi reddere Verius.
Culpabit duos: incomptis allinet atrium
Transverso calamo Signum-----

----- cur ego amicum,
Offendam in nugis? Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala -----

(55) Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget,
Vesantum tetigisse timent, fugiuntque Poetam,
Qui sapiunt -----

(56) Quem vero arri uuit, tenet, occiditque legendo;
Non misura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, Hæudo.



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